these sensibilities under test - and of consciounesses under ordeal - is that of the narrator himself, for there is no other 'objective' test within the terms of the story to achieve this purpose. The narrator is being tested by a work of art - which on the surface is an objectified - tion of his sensibility. The work is also a measure of his Inner strength and stress, of which he is not aware. He sees only a mask of death in the figure, and misses the truth of life behind it. He finds beauty, but no intimation of the love' which beauty is capable of stirring, for he has made the mistake of defining reality entirely in terms of his own truth, which, under the test of the concrete and objective presence of the figure, must be judged as illusion, for abstractions have only the power of definition, but not that of compre- hension. The narrator forces life into a corner of his own limited truth, and for doing this he is himself driven into a corner and humbled fay life, which will not conform to the patterns and forces.of alignment projected by his obsessed consciousness. The Sacred Fount, at its source, contains, in indistinguishable and inseparable identity and unity, alt the processes of truth, of life and death. Bent on seeing only death, the narrator misses life which is to be found within the same source. This refusal to see life as a whole consti- tutes the narrator's creative pride with all its saga of tragic crisis and disaster.